

The Historie of

Hee made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellow's souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treed on Kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking; onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lostie instruments of Warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

Henrie the fo

For heauen to earth, some of vs ne
A second time do such a curtesie.

*Here they embrace, the Trumpets so
power, alarme to the Battell: t
Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in
What honour dost thou seeke vpo

Dow. Know then, my name is Dow
And I doe haunt thee in the Batten
Because some tell me, that thou art

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The Lord of Stafford d
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee.
This Sword hath ended him, so sh
Veleste thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld
And thou shalt find a King that w
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Dowglas kills Blunt

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fou
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.

Dowg. Als done, als won, here I

Hot. Where?

Hot. This, Dowglas? no, I know
A gallant Knight he was, his nam
Semblably furnisht like the King

Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy
A borrowed title hast thou boug
Why didst thou tell me, that thou

Hot. The King hath many m

Dowg. Now by my Sword, I w
Ile murder all his Wardrope piec
Vntill I meete the King.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely fo

Alarme, enter Falstaf

Fals. Though I could scape sh
shot here, here's no scoring but v
you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's hono